A PAGE OF BEAUTY ON THE FOOD OF HOPE

THE DREAM GARDEN.

(Written for The Washington Herald.) By ALLIE SHARPE BALCH,

Midnight from the sky swept in solemn vision, and in this garden of dreams something black and formless reached shriek, when a voice as soft as a sigh came to me across the garden and spoke these words: "A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but weave a few cypress leaves across the brow of any land, and be that land bleak, barren, a desert, it becomes lovely in consecrated sorrow. A land without sorrow is a

land without memories.' Thus God was kind and loving to me, and the little violets lifted their heads, the roses yawned in their sleep, showing their little red mouths. In the ergy, love, faith, and virtue, and makes branches over my head many warblers came, as if awakened by a pulse of light. Thrush after thrush called to his mate who answered assuringly until the whole garden throbbed and thrilled in the subtle melody of a passion song. I felt the ocean of life beating within me, and a tiger lily, dauntless in desertion and defiant in decay, pushed a head of tawny fiant in decay, pushed a head of tawny fire out of the tangled rankness around her. Life! Life! Winged-like souls everywhere through the garden; thick sprays of lilac floated nuptial perfume on." When life becomes a weary burden. When life becomes a weary burden. on." When life becomes a weary burden and mignonette, sweet with night's kiss, wafted its fragrance like fair memories from a faraway home. Butterflies slept with their velvety heads on the breasts of the lilies! The south wind that brushed the blossoms from off the trees danced merrily through the garden, thrilling all the life therein; the roses opened their hearts to the wandering bees; the long silver rays of the moon penetrated to the very hearts of ing bees; the long silver rays of the moon penetrated to the very hearts of the lilies; the harpischord of the wind, with its clear and caressing voice, murmured songs long forgotten. Thus God gave me song and story in my dreams; the gloom that had wrapped around me became luminous; the bats that had frightened me now wore silver wings; my dreamtide grew triumphant; my heart wailed out its joy, and the knowledge of a new life awoke in my soul. Life helpa new life awoke in my soul. Life, helpless! Life dumb, but life beating open, quivering in this garden of bliss. seemed to be climbing the stairways, the very pillars of Paradise, under the lightning of myriads of stars, up, up, to the
flaming whiteness of God! And the voice
continued to speak to me, "Dost thou
not know that God is more gentle than
man when human hearts by storms are very pillars of Paradise, under the lightman when human hearts by storms are tossed? Oh, thou who hath dwelt in the shadow, come thou into the air and sunshine of God's world of love, for the chrism of pain does not set forever apart those who receive it for the horse of the God who works in human those who receive it for the horse of the God who works in human those who receive it for the horse of the God who works in human those who receive it for the horse of the God who works in human those who receive it for the horse of the God who works in human those who receive it for the horse of the God who works in human those who receive it for the horse of the control of the co

That all thy paths be light,

voices singing:

And the warm ear of Heaven seemed bent to hear; the leaves in the trees murmured with tenderness; the lilies near me looked like like great white pearls, and I bent and kissed them; my eves seemed dazzled by the marvels of another world. At the hour that separates one day from another I awoke with a start; the moon, clothed in the white robe of a bride, was smiling in at my window, and I asked my soul, "Is it midnight or break o' day for thee and me?" Then the sweet wind of night closed my eyes again and on the faint murmuring tongue of the dreamtide came these words:

Sleep thou, and fear no cry from times bygone,

By THE OPTIMIST.

Hope is, of course, the very fundamental and foundation of the optimistic

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young.
But the better's forever the word on the tongue.

That is the true meaning of hope to the optimist-a continual striving from the things that are to-day to the things that are going to be better in the days to come. Optimism is not blind faith. Could we but follow our ideals we should al strive for the heights, but even in optimism we may recognize the limitation of human endeavor. Optimism teaches us to believe that the world is swinging forward "down the changeless grooves of time," forward, not back; but also it

helps us to realize that the best on earth. the highest attainable, is an attribute of God and is valiantly to be striven for. With hearts full of fine and reasonable hope, the optimistic soul may cry with Tennyson: Let the past be past

Care not while we hear

A trumpeter in the distance pealing news Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle burn Above the unrisen to-morrow.

In all the days of human life a man shall find no friend more constant, more consoling, more faithful, more cheering, than hope; and hope welded to faith begets patience and striving and action and feeding of these the spirit is strong to battle for the best that in him lies. Said Amiel:

At bottom, everything depends upon the pre his enterprises presupposes in him a hope of attaining an end. Once kill this hope and his movement become spasmodic, senseless, and convulsive. If little blindness is necessary if, life is to be carried. on, and illusion is the universal spring of move

It is not only the optimist's pleasure, it is his duty, then, to hope-and to hope always for the best. But the true optimist, seeking not only selfishly to help himself, but to make the world better and you have so well expressed may reach happier for others, will not sit down with out beyond the Optimist Club and add to folded hands and hope that good may come to him. He will realize that it is the world. his privilege and duty to take off his coat, if necessary, and go sturdily to work in the direction of his hopeful desires.

Our agony is great, and how can it end? We lean upon the anchor of hope and go out to encounter the necessities and discharge the duties burden from the mind, hope will enable us to

And as we honestly work in the direc-

vantage gained shall give us hope for

the time to come. The goal of our hope shines brightly in the distance, but it is yet a great way off, and many a struggle, many a heartsche, many a keen and cruel disappointment must be conquered ere we win out to me. From the earth came damp through to it. But ever, if we but keep odors, and against the walls beat blind happy faces looking toward the goal and bats, and an owl rushed upward with a fight manfully onward, shall hope tell boding scream. Scared by the wild us of the progress we are making and flight of this unholy bird, I started to hearten up our souls for the rest of the toilsome journey.

> Has any one ever actually lived without hope? Look into your own heart and see if you could, see if you ever have? Look back through the ages that are past, look forward to the ages yet unborn, and answer this question: Could any one live without hope? Without hope means without life and without life we are dead. The heart is the organ that unceasingly keeps blood pamping and throbbing through our veius and maintains life within our bodies. Hope is the little unseen heart within a heart, which keeps alive in our breasts expectation, ambition, en-THE FOOD OF HOPE. derful reality, and that the reward of beautiful hope is a glorious hereafter. MARION G. BARKER.

P. O. Box No. 1, Brentwood, Md. Cheerful, active, useful living, based chrism of pain does not set forever apart those who receive it for the hope of future joy." And I felt God's heart throb near my own, and my soul swelled as a full sea rises to flood. The nightingales in the trees above me began singing "I love! I love!" And though my pulses ran a full chorus and all the joys of life and love, all the memories of my childhood burned within me, and, rapturous, dulcet, and plaintive. I heard

turous, dulcet, and plaintive, I heard less the creatures of our own narrow sufficient, and less faint-hearted; less and in our mourning, happier in our work for the present and future, and gives us the peace which the world cannot give, cannot understand, and

which it cannot take away.
MRS. ALTA MIDKIFF.

HONORABLE MENTION. You may be living in that which is called by man glorious youth; you may be old and gray-headed, tottering beneath the weight of years; or you may be in the prime of life, with its springbut it matters not in what stage of life we are living, the future has in store for us some unknown grief or joy, and the best and the only way in which we may console ourselves is to be free and hearty partakers of "the food of l

HARRY W. BRIMER. DESIRE.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted. No hope it cherishes through waiting years.:

But if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted, For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine strong instrument of thy being. To chord with thy dear hope, and do

not tire When both in key and rhymth are agree ing.

Lo! Thou shalt kiss the lips of thy The thing thou craved so waits in the

distance Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb: Essential to thy soul and thy existence

Live worthy of it, call and it shall come.-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

H. E. HUNTER. TO THE CLUB MEMBERS.

I don't know whether it was subject o the change in the matter of awarding prizes, but certainly you all seem to have been stimulated, and not only were there more contributions than usual, but they were-as I think you will note when you read this page-of a more thoughtful quality than usual. You can imagine, with so much excellence to choose from. that it was difficult to select the prize winners. I trust you will agree with me that the merit of the two prize-winning essays deserved recognition. The two fortunate ones to receive a prize of \$5

each are: Mrs. Alta Midkiff, 1301 K street northwest. Miss Marion G. Barker, Brentwood. Md.

I thank you all most heartily for your fine contributions this week, and pray that this page of helpful thoughts on hope may not only make this Sunday happier one for you, but that the thoughts the sum of contentment and happiness of

The subject for mext Sunday is "The duty of sympathy," a topic that should be fruitful of good things.

> No one is so accused of fate, But some heart, though unknown

But do we seek out those who need days in blind fantasies and gloomy fore- of what he or she intends to do in the sympathy, and freely give? Friends, bodings rather than be alert, with an eye coming years; rather, teach that child to thank God, we all have in greater or reaching far beyond the haze of present believe in his hopes. "As the twig is tion of our hopes we shall find that our less degree, but do we reserve our symdisappointments and the stings they have pathetic helpfulness only for those who left fade farther and farther away from call us friends? The duties of sympathy of friend or enemy, and assist them in intuitive whisperings of the soul lead the our minds and hearts. Hoping much, we are greater than this, and it is upon this may achieve some little thing, which, subject that the thoughts of the mem- lowering o'er the melancholy and they sires along the higher possibilities of

HOPE.

Hope is the envoy walking on the waves of life, and leads toward the veritable "Land of Promise."

Hope, with eyes uplift that dare look straight at Divinity! As a vine that grows over some marble urn; as a bfrd that builds under the cornice of some shattered temple, making the ruin echo with delight, so to the heart rent with bitter dart comes bright hope! Hope theu, with the mein of her who touched His robe!

Hope comes like the rays of the moon in the middle of the night, glides mysteriously to our couch, and awakens us with a melancholy kiss, Hope bids us unsheath a trenchant purpose and press on with firm step and uplifted eye.

fills the night with a still radiance. Hope lurks in the hollow of the helmet when the gladiator shouts his war cry.

Hope is a silver lamp, though burning behind a column of darkness,

Hope raises the desire for fame, and points the trusty lance, Hone is the cement that holds the bricks and mortar out of which man

builds his life into a throne. Hope is for a four-leaf clover among the herbage which we must seek and find-on our knees.

Hope is the great trust in a bitter world, an immortal identity without

which, despite his strength of will and store of intellect, man would be little superior to the heasts of the field. Hope is the goddess of worship who bids the pulse leap and the blood thrill, but never makes the heart ache.

Hone leads the march of an unconquered spirit and kingly soul Hope is a bubble rising heavenward, tinted with rainbow hues, to burst only when at its most beautiful and its best. Hope is like the verdant forests termented by the winds-it tosses on

all sides the rich gifts of life, and always some deep murmur sways its Sometimes I think my presence disturbs hope; but I do not movedare not! I must not die for want of food,

Hope, thou are fair! And dreams, like cherubs with bright, restless wings, always cling to thy sweeping robes.

1326 Euclid street.

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.

world at large. Contributions, let it be not afford to parley with pessimists and remembered, should be in hand by Wed- their preachments while everywhere we nesday at noon.

The prize winners: Over the ocean of life there moves A ship with decks of gold; The sails are woven with threads of love, Yes, woven a hundredfold.

Over a sea beset with storms, Perils are often there; Onward it moves, the sails well filled With a cool, refreshing air. Step aboard the ship of Hope. Its sails are the wings of time, The helm is held by an unseen hand, Its port the fairest clime.

ahead, The dark clouds hover near; go to the compass, the ship is safe, And the soul forgets its fear. At last I gaze on the distant shore, Brightened with golden light; see the domes of the city, And its walls so fair and white.

weet sounds of music fill the air, The touch of a gentle hand; -say farewell to the dreary world, And enter the Promised Land. Mrs, F. L. BARRINGER.

and keep

shrine. Beyond the grave I hear a call divine. To share in the blessing of the wise ELLMONA ANDERSON

Truth, life, and love, and immortality. Are food of hope, are tendrils of the vine, Which grows like Jonah's gourd, and reach to heaven.

The morning star of hope comes to our lives When life is bounded by the walls of

And through the portals we catch furtive

views Of mountain castles and vast ocean's bounds; We wonder if the world is all as fair

And full of love and joy and hope as home.

The day star rises in the blaze of noon, The noon of life, the heyday of the soul, And hope leaps high in manhood's swell-

Ambition is its food, and love its dream; The pomp and pride of empire is the prize

Which hope holds out to proud ambition's gaze. Choose wealth, choose war, choose statesmanship, choose love,

And courage dares wherever hope will If for the right, hope's guiding star will

If wrong, hope leads to ruin and despair.

The evening star of hope is brighter far Than any orb which decks the mystic sky.

And shines the brightest as life's force declines; Its food is faith, its radiance is love;

The eye of faith sees by this star of hope Which open on the crowning heights of brightens into the glory of eternal day. God. HORACE V. BISBEE.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us that while we are traveling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way

to our journey's end. The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope. Mrs. J. J. O'CONNELLA

None there be so finely favored \ Ne'er to know a care; Yet, we each may hope for blessings And of gloom beware.

Only those void of discretion Fret and fume for aye; Better feed on hope, my brother-Mix the grave and gay.

Hope rejuvenates and enlightens. The food of hope is a "fighting chance." He who liopes lives. Without hope man masquerades, and feeds on the nothingness of grim despair. H-O-P-E initialed of rustling green leaves on the trees of as Heroism, Optimism, Perseverance, and the wood, so hope is the prophecy of the Energy, means stamina, moral courage, possible achievements of the soul. When sticktoitiveness, and a determination to one hopes to do a certain thing, it is the thwart failure. "The wind bloweth where forerunner of the soul's stirrings that it listeth," nor you, nor I can divert the will eventually blossom into accomplishcurrent; but whether or no we waste our ment. Never chide a child for speaking worry to a future of sublime glory, mean- inclined the tree is bent" is an old adage while tending to brighten the pathway and the earliest promptings of the child's peering beyond the drooping clouds ever child into the promised land of his de-

discern the spread of optimism overwhelming grief. Feed on hope, feast on future possibilities, and forever keep in mind, "Man never is, but always to be blessed." CHARLES ALBERT BREWTON. It so chances that nature, always kind-

y, keeps aglow in humanity & high and cheerful hopefulness. This hope may be clouded, and we may be sometimes shocked by so keen a grief that shadows seem to fall not only in our own hearts, but across every highway and by-path. Then it is that we find friends where we had not looked for them, sympathetic The waves may be heard on the rocks words and gentle deeds from unexpected sources, and a closer tightening of all the bonds that kinship or friendship have made. Thus a new light kindles-"the sign of renewed hope"-and responds to that kindness we think we have just now been about us all the time, awaiting its; own opportunity. It is natural and right -or we should live a life of suffering, and Hope is the prayer we breathe o'er the perhaps failure, let us face the future

M. T. HANLON. desire. full bloom. he risked the experiment of being general

in Gaul. that his efforts would be crowned with Thou wilt hold always thy tender sway. success. When we undertake a certain object in life we have a feeling of hope, Child of optimism, born of light, or otherwise we would abandon the pur- Brought up by God to aid the world's

We are prompted by some courses of Wherever man/livest thou livest, too, conduct, and we are held back from Spreading thy glory of heavenly hue. others by a certain divine instinct, just as truly as the bee is prompted to lay High above us thou soarest in air, down the lines of its waxen cell with a Circling, shimmering, and fairest of fair; nathematical precision. There is an in- All we need do is look up and see stinct of hope that his efforts shall reap The beautiful light emblem of thee.

a well-merited reward. In our daily walks of life we have our Thou'll never leave us or e'er forsake little ambitions, each in different trend. Man in his sorrows, care in his wake. and perseverance, we shall reach the goal for which we are striving. Mrs. S. STRAUGHAN.

Optimism plants the seeds of hope in the soul, and the seeds germinate and bring forth buds of promise, buds of cheer, buds of joy, buds and blossoms of love. For hope has the candor of the lily and the immortal beauty of the the rose, and He who made both holds us all in the flood of His immense love. Hope! How merrily the word rings in our ears, like the clash of steel, the jangling of bridles, and the measured cadence of a good steed's stride. It was the mettlesome spirit that some call pluck -the indomitable courage which acknowledges no failure, no defeat, and never sleeps at its post, and bears up bravely against sickness and depression of unremitting pain, and is capable of dispelling And as the human eye grows dull and the darkest shadows that cross our paths; and if we follow it truthfully and persistently it will cheer us heartily and The shining pathway leading to the gates guide us steadfastly until it widens and

> ALLIE SHARPE BALCH. To awaken after a storm to find the sun lifting the mist from the blue hills, to hear the gentle murmur of the little stream that last night seemed a roaring torrent, to find the frown of yesterday replaced by the smile of to-day, is to discover a bit of hope that hungry men feed their hearts upon. Surely, every zephyr that blows, every wee blossom that opens to the sun, is a slient messenger of hope to some lonely wayfayer. No matter how optimistic we are, we against hope unless we trustted in Allwise Providence that careth even for the lowly sparrow. Gentle words in quick sympathy given, helping hands in fellowship extended, the loving smile of friendship-these are the manna of hope that maketh us strong for the conflict.

M. J. MOOR. As the early spring flowers popping be neath the dead, brown leaves of the forest foretell the coming of the myriads however little it may be, shall be a dis- bers of the Optimist Club may be help- who "see as through a glass darkly," spiritual, intellectual, and material and tinct advance, and though we have but I ful, not only to the ontimists, but to the rests entirely with ourselves. We can velopment. In this age the material and

of science and the meditations of religious we accomplish nothing. day and hold to it; during that time which food celestial feedeth. search your inner mind; delve for buried | Faithful and steadfast to one purpose. treasures; seek out your highest aspira- our hopes will be guarded aright to give mainder of the day to fulfill them. Select are needing to-day the hope of everlastideals of conduct, dress, special lines of ing bliss. reading, visits you would like to make. What the mind dwells on it generally brings to realization. Try it and see. Do not be selfish and neglect duties, for a duty neglected comes up later with greater force, demanding fülfillment.

If we mortals could but get into our minds the fact that this life here is but a but only hope.-Shakespeare. kindergarten for the life to come, and look upon the trials of the day as but "the scales on which we practice our spirituality," as Lillian Whiting so beausing and of one's country is sure to obtain a spirituality." measure, that vibration of intense suffering that unkind treatment causes us now. Hope peers beyond the sunset sky, If we are making a dress for a party we think of the grand, good times we are to In sorrow's somber vale we wait, have at the party. If we look upon life as a school and our highest endeavor as seeds of happiness that we are planting daily for a rich harvest in the present as well as the future, we will be able to When life is freshest, gloom and dread keep up our courage.

Whittier's lines come to our mind with sorthing, calm inspiration at this mo-

Thine to work as well as pray, Clearing thorny wrongs away: Plucking up the weeds of sin, Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in. E. ELIZABETH CROWELL DUNLOP.

Never give up; it is wiser and better Always to hope than once to despair; 'ling off the load of doubt's cankering And break the dark spell of tyrannical

care. Never give up or the burden may sink Life's pathway lies 'mid smiles and tears,

Providence kindly has mingled the cup; And in all trials and troubles bethink | Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

The watchword of life must be-neve give up.-Tupper. Hope is the mother of faith. Mrs. E. W. FULMER.

sustenance, and the healthy growth in

food. Everything that exists must feed upon happiness of Heaven. something best suited to its partitular sadden the lives of others-that the keen- nature in order to grow. Optimism creness of our immediate grief should give ates the food of hope, the ideal for which way in time to a softer emotion that to strive, the dream of what we might sweetens and tempers our disposition be. Hope is the "child" of faith, and ourselves, but to implant it in others, and takes hope by the hand and feeds it with Through the vale of grief she will guide, from their grateful and joyous energy we that optimistic food and tonic of amshall draw the best for our own exhaust- bition which creates a yearning for some-Sweet incense burning at affliction's ed soul to feed upon thi it thrives to the thing better, purer, and more beautiful. of life. Now then, if the past has brought in a brighter, better, and nobler future, Out of the mist and shadows gray I rise for many of us grief, disappointment, and infinite loyalty to a given cause which with an ineffable faith and with hope in to strive, fervent prayer, and the heart's

Julius Caesar owed two millions when Thou white-robed angel, with wings of

Leading us upward to paths untold; The experiment was the "food of hope" As long as this world goes on its way

fight:

face.

And raiseth the soul upward to grace. Child of glory, while thou art near, Shadows lie lightly, unknown is fear; Watch o'er us ever, smile in thy grace, Thou wert sent down to watch o'er God's Are a burden too heavy to bear,

CLARINNE HUNTER. The clouds may rest in the present, And sorrow on days that are gone, But no night is so utterly cheerless That we may not look for the dawn.

And there is no human being With so wholly dark a lot

But the heart, by turning the picture, May find some sunny spot. -Selected

E. M. GLOTZBACH. Hope and I are the best of friends

As I travel life's highway. And splendid comfort he's been to me For fate will smile and fate will frown On many a weary day.

And into all lives come rain; The strongest effort and hardest work Will at times bring naught but pain. But with hope by my side the darkest

Will not bring to me a frown will laugh at the kicks of unkind fate, For it cannot keep me down. EDWARD F. FLANAGAN.

could not go on day after day hoping highest of all. In turning to the one its strife and all life not be purer and brighten the sky of our individual lives?

teachers; they are fast drawing to the To feed day by day on the spirit of into the face that makes glorious their same conclusions-God is. Man reaches truth we are living in an attitude of rest own, know this, surely, at last. Honest out for God; when within his own soul when our hopes for success will be love, honest sorrow, honest work for the lie the seeds for all the things he sees doubled and our best powers made maniday, honest hope for the morrow. Are in others to admire and all the talents fest. Yet to simply hope is to depend on these worth nothing more than the hand and riches he covets. The Bible tells us others and to often stand with folded they make weary, the heart they have the parable of the buried talents; it is a arms, but he who trusts himself will saddened, the life they love dreary? Hush! spiritual lesson of the deepest significance. I arouse the best that is in him. Thus hope The sevenfold heavens to the voice of

tions and then strive during the re- more courage and comfort to those who

EMMA HUGHES. "What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?"

"A hidden hope," the voice replied. Miss N. CAVANAUGH. The miserable have no other medicine,

I cried;

KATHERINE O'BRIEN. happy eternity. THOMAS V. MURTO.

And sees Heaven ope, with clearest eye Till love translates us to the sky. But fear is like the clouds that shed

Their shadows o'er the summer sky:

Of grief is ever lurking nigh. Foreboding fear, with frowning face, Dispels life's sweet and sunny smiles;

Hope will the youthful heart decoy; But fear is hovering there, to fling

A shadow o'er the path of joy. A rainbow never spans the sky, But some dark spirit of the storm, With sable plume is always nigh

To shroud its light and airy form. The wedding peal-the funeral toll; But though o'ershadowed still by fears,

When clouds are about our pathway there still shines the beacon light of hope and points to clearer skies. We part with our dearest friends, buoyed up with the From fertile soil the plant receives its joyful hope of a reunion. In sickness encountered, but which has in reality animal life is the result of wholesome health. And in the bereavement of death -- absolute reliance on Divine wisdom-

Mrs. A. E. M. AVERILL.

Mrs. L. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hope is a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul that will restrain our frail bark mon cause." With the birth of the spirit and enable it to outride the storms of our of fraternalism, one goes forth having earthly voyage. It is a good angel within within his heart that "first aid to the sweetens and tempers our disposition toward others. If we are to find real hap- receives its sustenance from its mother's that whispers of the triumph over evil, injured." "Food of hope," lifting disof the success of good, of the victory of couraged, exhausted heads, he pours in truth, and the final achievement of right. "oil and wine," making the footsore wayeven to the most favored ones among us. yet among us. If there is a more pitiable ed soul to feed upon thi it thrives to the strength it must have for the encounter of life. Now then, if the past has brought of life. Now then, if the past has brought of life cultivate a cheerful, hopeful disposition to cultivate a cheerful hopeful disposition that will enable us to see the silvery lin- as to be unable to find a little manna in ing to every cloud? By so doing we

> Hope is the watchword of every optimist. Hope is the light of the world. It ear, and tender heart. So, having received means the very embodiment of Christ-all freely of food of hope, let us give freely, He worked for, all He stood for. From not grudgingly or of necessity, for "God the eternal truth we glean the great jewel loveth a cheerful giver." Let's help, for of hope. It means to us everything we there are many hungry ones. strive for, everything we wish for, and it brings to us everything we earnestly his son ask bread, will he give him a work for. Hope masters discontent and stone? Or, if he ask a fish, will he give crowns earnest endeavors. The jewels of him a serpent?"—Matthew vii:9:10.

life are made up of optimistic hope HELENA T. DOOCY. 'Tis the part of a coward to brood O'er the past that is withered and dead;

What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust. What though the heart's music be fled? teaching lessons which are of untold With a smile at disappointments, pluck, Thou bringest the smile to a saddened Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead, Hope, the voice of an angel, thrills clear on the soul:

Gird Whout thee thine armor, press on to ject of the day.

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste Of a jealous and craven despair

Down, down with the fetters of fear, In the strength of thy valor arise, With the faith that illumes and the hope that defies. Then up to the contest with fate,

Unbound by the past, which is dead! What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust. What though the heart's music be fled? Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead:

Grasp the banner that floats to the breeze on the morn, Emblazoned with with hope, and the victory's won.

Mrs. L. D. ELLIOTT.

side by side we may stand, dear optimist parently the roof has been lifted, like at the same little door when all's done. The the cover from an urn, and we are lookways they are many, the end it is one. ing out at the starlit sky. Such myriads He that knocketh shall enter; who asks and myriads of stars! We can scarcely No stream from its source flows sea- torches upon the starlike deposits of sta-Hope is the companion of power and ward, how lowly so ever its course, but lagmite which cling to the roof. parent of success; fire of the human soul, what some land is gladdened. No star | Was it not like the rising of the star playing with hope, full of trust and con- ever rose and set without influence some- of hope-that beacon light which enables idence, is the one great essential of life. where. Who knows what earth needs us to find our way out of the dark cav-Celestial food builds up the tissues. It from earth's lowest creature? No life ern of despair, and which brings with strengthens the weak. Hence, is the can be pure in its purpose and strong in it myriads of sister stars to lighten and

tyrs who stand by the throne and gaze Learn thereby. Take a quiet hour each will expand and become great faith, the spirit echo: "He that overcometh shall all things inhabit."

> It is a God-given birthright to mankind, and is immortal; it is cardinal, and is indestructible; it is the offspring of the three Divine attributes-will, memory, and understanding. It is the great dynamo of our being which impels our thoughts and actions, e'en though unconsciously. It is peculiarly beautiful in many ways Being wholly dependent on expectation, it accepts its ally, thus rendering itself stronger in sweet bond and nobler in humility. Of course, it has been wisely ordained that the sublime delights attendant upon the virtue of hope are to be had only through the medium of dignity and tranquil contemplation as opposed to "limelight" and the Mare of trumpets, for hope is quiet and tender, whether he is waiting for the answer to the lover's wooing, a sinner's prayer to the Father, or the homecoming of a wayward daugh-

We hear a great deal about forlorn hopes. I can understand the use of the adjective as expressive of degree, as, for instance, a faint hope or a vain hope; but I cannot understand any such thing as forlorn hope, as applying to a despairing individual. I believe it to be a misnomer and productive of harm. There Till dear hope comes with winsome grace is no such thing as despair, except And cheers our way with winning wiles. through perversion of His law; let the sin-laden and despondent break away from Where the bright wells of gladness spring present environment, get out into the beautiful fields and woodlands, and ponder well, "What is that specific purpose for which I was created?" Having arrived at the reasonable deduction, let him bend his energies and activities toward carrying out said deduct on regardless of the sacrifice, and then the food of hope will be in a spiritual way to him what the leaven was to the multitude in a temporal way in the old law; and therein will hope find its sweetest recompense, for there'll be no despair, but happiness W. A. BLACKSTOCK.

A great belief in a great purpose, underlying the world for good, absolutely certain to fulfill itself somewhere, somehow, is food of hope, and no criticism or skepticism have dared not to label it as comes hope as the joyful harbinger of "pure food." Containing elements of faith we have the joyful hope of the eternal hope receives the nourishment which strengthens it to spring "eternal in the breast," lighting the missionary spark, making one scorn to work for selfish ends, but happy in toiling for "the com-The way of the world is dark enough, farer rejoice that the Good Samaritan is a wilderness with which to sustain a may do much to assuage the sorrows of fainting brother. Many of us know what HENSON B. HICKS. others and increase the joys and pleasures it is to feel that hope is anaemic, refusing food, and languishing, but we also know what it is to have ministered the tonic of the helping hand, sympathetic

"What man is there of you, whom if Mrs. H. B. HOLLIFIELD.

A visit to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky is an experience to be remembered with pleasure and also with profit, for the wonders of nature are continually value to the thoughtful mind. One such

lesson which suggested itself to me

seems especially applicable to the sub-Led by guides with flaming torches, our little party had traversed many of the wonderful avenues and by-paths of the cave, and when we reached a large and almost circular clearing we were ready to follow the suggestion of the guides to find seats upon the great rocks, and rest before going farther into the depths of the cave. Much to our surprise, the guides, carrying with them the last ray of light, withdrew, telling us that by that means alone could we be enabled to realize the true character of the cave. And realize it we did-that utter, impenetrable, hopeless darkness, which has had its direful effect even upon the fish in the little rivers of the cave, gradually leading up to the birth of a new species

without the eyes which had proved so unnecessary. But suddenly we hear approaching footsteps, and as if by magic the room-Hope tells us we meet at one gate when like space is flooded with light, and we all's over. The ways they are many and are told to "look up." Surely a miracle wide, and seldom are two ways the same. has been performed in our midst, for apshall obtain, and who seeketh, he findeth. believe that it is only the effect of the

supreme help we free ourselves from stronger thereby. The spirits of just men Let us think of this when the dark days me-as come they sometimes will-and "look up" and out, and away from self to the beautiful guiding star.

> "Christianity is full of hope. It looks for the ever-richer coming of the Son of Man. Therefore it has been the religion of energy and progress everywhere." -Phillips Brooks,

EDITH V. BRADT.

Hope is the food of life! Hope nourishes our faith and charity! No matter how dreary the way, how heavy the cross, hope tells us to-morrow all will be MARY I, REED.

Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy. recollection is its golden tinge. Hope is itself a species of happiness, and perhaps the chief happiness which the world affords, but, like all other pleasures, its excesses must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged must end in disappointment. Hope is the only good which is common to all men.

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